

"The same motives which you have to eliminate DANGEROUS publications should prompt you to exercise your zeal in the diffusion of SOUND literature."—Cardinal Gibbons.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

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Jackson Learns the Relation of the Bible to the Church

INSTRUCTION VIII

(Continued from last week.)

FATHER S. We have seen, Mr. Jackson, that just as Christ was God and Man, divine and human, so the institution, which He established to continue His work, is divine and human. Just as Christ "was sent" by the Father, to perform divine works through His human nature, so He in turn would "send" others, and through them continue His God-glorifying and soul-saving mission. By this arrangement, those who were the objects of Christ's personal ministrations 1900 years ago, were no better off than we of today, to whom the same divine help comes from Him through others: He was to be "Jesus Christ yesterday, today, and the same forever."

MR. J. Yes, Father; whilst I never formerly understood it was thus, it seems so reasonable that it should be so. Why should Christ have been partial to the people of one century? Father, I wish this true conception of God's Church were possessed by all; I do not believe that a single human being could remain out of it. I am getting impatient to become affiliated with this institution, in order to partake of its divine helps. When are you going to admit me, Father?

FATHER S. Well, Mr. Jackson, it is customary for us first to acquaint a convert with most of our teachings and important practices, in order that he might embrace the faith only after thorough conviction. You might be slow to accept some of our doctrines, such as Infallibility, Holy Eucharist; and unwilling to comply with some of our practices, like Confession, regular Sunday Mass, etc.

MR. J. I do not believe I would, for here is how I look at the matter: You have shown that the Church is God's institution, that the Holy Ghost dwells within it as its soul and source of life, that He protects the Church from teaching error, so that He "who hears the Church hears God." Now, if I believe the Church to be this, must not Her teachings be true, whether I like them or not? And must not Her requirements, her laws, be for the best? Then can I not say "I believe all that this Church teaches even before I know what the precise teaching is on every point?"

FATHER S. Yes, Mr. Jackson, you reason well. Like the Eunuch, whom the Apostle Philip instructed a short time, you can say: "What doth hinder me from being baptized?" (Acts VIII, 36). Just as soon as I finish instructing you on several characteristics of the Church, I shall explain to you the significance and effects of Baptism, and then baptize you.

MR. J. I shall be pleased, Father, because I want to be connected with the divine Reservoir: I am getting very thirsty for some of its contents.

FATHER S. Very well, Mr. Jackson, you will soon enjoy the happiness of being received. But immediately upon your baptism you will be expected to attend Mass every Sunday, to abstain from meat on every Friday, and to obey the other laws of the Church.

MR. J. I might as well begin now as a few weeks later; in fact, I have been doing that for the last month.

FATHER S. Now let us get back where we left off in our last instruction. You asked if all denominations today were in some sense *The Church*.

MR. J. Yes, Father: it did not seem reasonable to me that they could be, according to the conception I have of the Church, but I wondered on what plea they gain so many followers, and on what they base their claims.

FATHER S. The term "Church" has a very indistinct meaning with most Protestants. A simple trust that Jesus merits will save them if they lead a decent life—especially, if they publicly profess that they want Jesus to be their Savior—makes them Christians. They need not affiliate with a religious denomination, though if they will, so much the better; only they may select the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, or any one of the hundreds of other forms of religion. These denominations are all united in one thing:—in directing their members to read the Bible for guidance in the development of the Christian life. They teach that the individual is responsible to God directly; that to require of him to believe certain things, to impose a creed, is to restrict his liberty of thought; that to require certain observances, is to interfere with his liberty of action. They see only a twofold commission imparted to the Church, viz., to baptize and to preach. And "to preach" means to announce Christ as the Savior and to stimulate people to lead good lives. Little attention is paid to "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." They contend that Christ enjoined the laity to "search the scriptures." Yet as a matter of fact, He was telling the Jews to examine the Old Testament for testimony concerning His divine mission. These people never saw the New Testament, which has to do with His Church, nor did the Apostles themselves ever see the whole New Testament, nor did people for four hundred years after Christ, though the Church had enjoyed her golden era,—the days when people died for their faith by the thousands. And during the next one thousand years, the generality of Christians could not read the Bible, not because the Church kept the Bible from them, but because the art of printing, by which books are now multiplied, was not invented until the year 1438. We wonder how, in "searching the scriptures," our separated brethren do not feel the force of such texts, as "if he will not hear the Church" (Matt. XVII, 15); "I shall build My Church" (Matt. XVI, 18); "There shall be one fold and one shepherd" (John X, 16). We wonder why they do not recognize the visibility of the Church, when it is compared to "a Kingdom," "a city on a mountain," "a house," "a sheepfold," etc.

MR. J. It resolves itself into what I have said: they have a wholly erroneous conception of God's plan of salvation.

FATHER S. "Searching the scriptures" independently of a divinely protected Church, to which difficult passages should be referred for correct interpretation, has produced the hundreds of contradictory sects which makes Christianity ridiculed by the infidel. The Catholic Church cherishes the Bible, supports her Teachings by it, and offers special favors to the laity who read it every day, but she, like St. Peter, reminds her people that in it "are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction" (2 Pet. III, 16).

MR. J. A friend of mine is a great Bible reader, and when a few days ago, I asked him if he was sure that he understood its difficult passages, he answered: "Yes, the Holy Ghost assists the reader to understand its true meaning."

FATHER S. And you should have asked another question: you should have asked: "if that be true, how is it that such assistance of the Holy Ghost does not lead all Bible readers to understand the same passages alike?" There are several other questions which would be pertinent: "How do you know that the book you are reading is actually the 'Word of God'?" "Since it is a translation, how do you know that it is a reliable version?" "Since it was translated only from a copy of the original, how do you know that even the copy is true, or that something was not omitted or changed?" On the authority of the Catholic Church alone, which does not mean much to a Protestant, he believes that the Bible contains the word of God; and without any warrant from the book itself, he assumes that the Bible only is a sufficient Rule of Faith.

MR. J. Is the Catholic Bible the same, in all things, as the one used by Protestants?

FATHER S. No, ours contains seven more books in the Old Testament. Protestants are not consistent in rejecting these, because the same authority, on which they believe what they have to be the Word of God, also declared these seven to be inspired. Christ recognized these, which they call "apocrypha," because He frequently quoted from the Old Testament version which contained them. At His time there were two versions of the Old Testament, the one in Greek, containing these seven, the other in Hebrew, not containing them, but out of about 250 quotations which the New Testament used from the Old, 300 are taken from the Version, which the Catholic Church uses.

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIALIST

"You are a Socialist—and why?" I asked John Jones one day. "I'll tell you frankly, friend," he said; "I want to get more pay." I asked Sam Smith the self-same thing; his motive he confessed "I have to work too hard," he said; "I want to get more rest."

And thus it is, I've always found, with each and every one: They want to get more property; they want to get more fun; They want to get more luxuries, more pleasures and more ease, With no more toil than plucking fruit from off convenient trees.

To bring the golden age, is this the right way to begin? You cannot draw more water from a tank than you pour in; With any social system, men must work if they would live; You who would get and get and get—pray tell what you would Give?

—R. H. Titherington

Miraculous Appearance of Jesus Christ in Blessed Sacrament Arouses Whole Country

A remarkable demonstration of the truth of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and another illustration of the fact that the age of miracles has not passed took place in Manzaneda, Diocese of Astorga, Spain a few months ago. The whole parish practically had become Catholic, and as a consequence, Redemptorist Fathers were sent to conduct a mission in the hope of undoing the great mischief that had been caused.

One night while services were being held our Lord appeared in the Sacred Host on the altar. As a result of this marvelous manifestation, all the people repented of their wrong doing, became reconciled to Mother Church and approached the Sacraments.

The account of the occurrence was written by the superior of the missionaries. A translation was sent to a prominent Catholic of England, accompanied by the following letter:

London, England.
St. Joseph Clapham.

Dear Mr. Deney—I send you translation of a full account of a miraculous appearance of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacred Host at San Martin, a church near the town of Manzaneda, in the diocese of Astorga, in Spain. It occurred during a mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers, and the account is written by the superior of the mission. It is more a manifestation of how pleased our Lord is to see little children at His Altar, and how He hears their prayers.

I am very sincerely,
J. Magnier, C. SS. R.

The following is the story of the miracle as given by Rev. Father Mariscal, C. SS. R.:

Manzaneda, in the Spanish Province of Crense, and in the Diocese of Astorga, was, at the time we (the missionaries) went there to preach the mission, in the most lamentable state. Such a serious dispute existed between the parishioners and the parish priest that the priest could no longer live in his own parish.

The people had even thrown stones at his head and at other priests, and consequently, he was obliged to live in a small place in the neighborhood, San Martin, which he had to serve as well.

Who was to blame for this state of things is known to God alone; but in any case, the people forgot the respect due to priests. By the command of the Bishop of Astorga we went there to give the mission, and by this means to try to reconcile the parishioners with the clergy.

On arrival we were not received with the customary ceremony, as is the custom: the people had made up their minds not to come to hear our sermons. However, we opened the mission and conducted all the exercises outside the town, in the Church of San Martin.

The children and many adults of the adjoining villages, as well as the children of the parish of Manzaneda, were zealous in their attendance; but it was not until the 5th day that

THE SKEPTIC MAY SMILE; BUT THIS REPORT IS TRUE.

some men and women from Manzaneda came, and then more out of curiosity than for pious intentions.

I had just preached on the particular judgment. Everything went on as usual when suddenly as I was on the point of mentioning the sentence which God will pronounce upon sinners who deliberately preserve in their sins, an old woman in the midst of the people shouted: "Fire! Fire!" I said from the pulpit, "She is mistaken; there is no fire. Take the woman out of the church." But again she shouted, "Go out, go out. Save yourselves."

All the people rushed out and from the tower the fire-bell tolled the alarm incessantly, so that I was obliged to give up preaching, for all the people had left the church.

I myself went out and saw at a distance a column of fire, so large that it looked as if all the farms of the neighboring village of Simadevilla were ablaze.

After half an hour the people returned to the church. The great fire was only a phenomenon. There had been no fire at all. Most likely the devil made use of this means to destroy any good effect of my sermon. Nobody knew the old woman and she was not seen again.

That very same day I wrote to my Father Rector, and asked to be allowed to return home, because I considered the continuation of the mission so much time lost. But the next day Almighty God, in the short space of twenty minutes, effected the work for which we had labored in vain a whole week.

It was the 20th of April, the feast of the patron of the diocese, St. Forbibus, Bishop of Astorga. After an extraordinary devout preparation the children had made that morning their solemn general Communion. I had exhorted them earnestly to pray for the conversion of their parents and friends, and indeed the Divine Friend of children heard their prayers.

Towards evening the solemn reparation of the Blessed Sacrament was to take place. I had completely lost my voice, and felt unable to preach the sermon on the Blessed Sacrament, which indeed, requires much effort.

Therefore, I asked my confrere, Father Romero, to preach in my place. He, however, exhausted himself, because he had never preached the sermon for this solemnity, and was not prepared to do so in the present difficult circumstances. Therefore I made him preach one of the eternal truths that evening.

The people, far from profiting by the sermon were laughing and joking and only remained in the church to see the beautiful and tasteful illuminations of the altar.

When Father Romero had finished his sermon, I went into the pulpit to recite the Act of Reparation. Meanwhile, the candles were lighted. After the Blessed Sacrament was e-

posed I began the prayer, but my voice was so weak that I could scarcely be heard.

Suddenly, so great a brightness filled the church, that it obscured the light of nearly 200 wax candles. All the people rose and stood looking up at the altar to see the miracle which was taking place. A little girl of six years exclaimed: "I see the little child." I commanded all to kneel and the child to be silent. Immediately they all obeyed; they looked quietly, as if in ecstasy.

What then happened? In the pulpit I did not recite the words I had prepared; my introduction to the Act of Reparation was totally different. I heard a voice whisper to me and dictate a development of the text of Isaiah: "I have spread forth my hands all the day to an unbelieving people, who walk in a way that is not good after their own thought" (Rom. x: 21). "All the day long have I spread my hands to a people that believeth not and contradicteth me."

My voice, up to then, so feeble, became so strong that in all my life I never preached with so much force. My former hoarseness altogether disappeared. No wonder, for it was as if not I, but another spoke through my mouth.

Afterwards, wishing to write down what I had said in these moments, I could not. Whilst I quoted and commented on these words of Isaiah, the face of a little child with fair hair was seen in the Sacred Host exposed in that monstrance. At first it seemed only as big as the Sacred Host; then appeared also the little arms and at last the whole body. It was as if the little child came out of the Sacred Host. Then it remained standing in front of the monstrance, having both little arms outstretched, and in a position as if willing to embrace the little children who were kneeling at the foot of the altar.

The little child was radiant with heavenly splendor, but had the impression of the wounds in His hands and feet, out of which blood dropped down. His garment was beautifully white, but interwoven with purple flowers.

All the time I was speaking from the pulpit to the people (twenty minutes) the apparition remained visible. I asked the parish priest in my address to beg the little Jesus pardon himself and his parish.

Up to then the priest had not seen the miraculous little child. He turned first to his parishioners, asking their pardon for all in which he might have offended them. Then he also saw his God standing as a little child in front of the monstrance. He threw himself on the ground before the altar steps, trembling all over.

Then I told the children to ask Jesus' pardon for their parents. They all stood up, stretched out their little arms, but could not repeat what I said. They seemed to be in ecstasy.

The others, however, as one man repeated everything I said. With solemn earnestness they repeated the (Continued on Page Two.)

Protestant Witnesses In Behalf of the Nuns

CHAPTER II.

SOME LIGHT ON OUR SISTER-HOODS.

(Continued from Last Week.)

Though monastic and convent life, with its noble aims and splendid achievements for humanity ought to be its own recommendation to everyone who is not wicked of mind and corrupt of heart, yet testimony in its favor is not out of place for the many who have never seen the good works of religious, or who have been taught that their outward good works are performed only to keep people's gaze off their multitude of sins.

Never is bigotry as unmistakably displayed as when people charge the religious with being influenced by unholy motives to embrace the convent life. That a multitude of people do think or are in readiness to think evil of nuns (and priests) is evident (1) from the many questions asked at non-Catholic missions concerning nuns and convents, (2) from the theme which appears to be the anti-Catholic lecturer's best drawing card in small places, (3) from the admissions of many of our converts. Even these questions are commonly asked: "Why are nunneries allowed to exist?" "Why are convents kept closed against the public?" "Why are girls forced into convents and why kept there against their wills?" These and many other questions more or less absurd imply that the convent life is not commendable. Cardinal Manning, who for a long time was a Protestant minister, says: "The whole literature of countries that are not Catholic is full of all manner of tales, calumnies, slanders, fables, fictions, and absurdities on the subject of monks and nuns."

Strange that it does not occur to our enlightened people that a girl could not be forced into a convent or detained there against her will—for would not the law be altogether on her side? Strange that it does not occur to them that if evil existed in convents, one single proof furnished the authorities would result in prosecution, and if such evils were shown to be common, our sensational press would arouse the indignation of the public within twenty-four hours.

II.

No, my reader, Sisters are holy women, who enter religion from the noblest motive that could inspire a human being; for the most part they are those who from early childhood had a tender love for Jesus Christ, and desire to grow in that love. The devil in hell could not level a worse charge against them than to accuse them of immorality, and Catholics knowing this are quick to show their

resentment and indignation when such a charge is made. These devout women enter religion for precisely the opposite purpose: they want to be pure, and of their own free choice vow chastity; and how natural is it to withdraw from the wicked world to a place where others similarly disposed will furnish every encouragement to them? They accept Christ as "the portion of their inheritance," and will not divide their heart with any other lover.

It would indeed be strange if there were not some generous souls who would leave all to follow Jesus. It would be strange if there were some who would heed Christ's recommendation of virginity. (Matt. XIX, 12). It would be strange if there were not some who would become professedly obedient, like Christ, "unto the death of the cross." These considerations alone should answer the question: "Why do these people not marry?" Those who enter religion are not, as many are inclined to think, persons who once had a human lover who went back on them, and who in their disappointment entered the convent as unhappy creatures. On the contrary, they are, with very few exceptions, persons who aspired to a life in religion from early girlhood, into whose hearts serious love of a creature never entered, who, if a human lover had been proposed to them, would have answered with St. Agnes: "I am espoused to Him Whom the angels serve." Their daily prayers, their very rule, not to speak of the mutual encouragement and the absence of temptation, make it easy for them to live virtuously.

III.

Ask those who have come into close contact with their lives if such be not the estimate they have formed of the good Sisters. Those who know them are the ones to ask. Ask the soldier, who was nursed by a Sister on the battlefield; ask the many Protestants who have experienced her charity and gentleness in a hospital; ask the thousands of Protestant ladies who were taught by them, heart and head, in Catholic academies. These all thank God that Sisterhoods exist. Why do the best Protestant parents in the land select convent schools preferably to any other for the education of their children?

IV.

As to self-assumed obligations that a grand character these are the index of? What objection can be made to their choice of community life, which is organized to enable its subjects to serve God and their fellowmen the better by prayer or active charity? What objection can be made to their observance of chastity, viz.: to live as angels upon earth in order to "follow the Lamb" more closely in heaven? What serious objection could be made to their obedience to spiritual authority, which would not apply equally as well to the obedience to temporal authority of our students at (Continued on Page Two.)

Some Prejudices Against Frequent Communion

There is nothing that the devil detests more than Holy Communion. He employs every means to hinder it. We read this in the 10th chapter of the Third Book of the Imitation of Christ:

"The enemy, knowing the very great fruit and remedy contained in Holy Communion, striveth by every effort and occasion, as far as he is able, to withdraw and hinder faithful and devout persons from it."

If you do not wish to be taken in his snares, you must determine before hand and resolve not to allow yourself to be turned aside by any of his suggestions. You should have recourse always to the great rule of the Church: The state of grace, and a right intention. The right attention consists, she tells us, in communicating, not from habit, nor from vanity or worldly reasons, but in order to please God, to unite ourselves more completely with Him by charity, and to oppose this divine remedy to our infirmities and faults. If you fulfil these conditions, go to Our Lord without fear, and daily.

Alas, how many have begun well as children, but becoming victims to the delusions of the devil, have abandoned frequent Communion. The better they are, the more he tries to keep them back because of a lack of devotion. Take care, says St. Cyril of Alexandria, it is the devil. To ruin your soul, and to deprive it of the Body of Christ, he inspires it with this kind of false respect. If to souls well disposed the devil were to present infamous temptations, he knows he would be ignominiously driven away. He is too cunning for that, but here is what he will whisper, and the manner in which he must be answered.

Every day is too often!

Answer—The love of Jesus has not found it so. Who then is the judge? You have not the time!

Answer—I must take the time first of all to be a Catholic. Man liveth not by bread alone.

Others do not communicate every day.

Answer—That is their affair. I have to keep my soul pure and holy.

People will make remarks about you; they will talk!

Answer—What matter? In order to escape observation, would I sacrifice health or money? Why, then, risk my soul for the same inadequate reason? But with so many faults, you are not worthy!

Answer—I know that only too well! I am in need, and Our Lord calls me—that is sufficient for me. I should be much worse without Him!

But the respect you owe to the Blessed Sacrament!

Answer—Which of the sick respected our Lord the most, those who remained at home, when He passed through their villages working miracles, or those who cried to Him in their miseries, and had themselves carried before Him; I am blind, a leper, paralyzed; have pity on me! It is much better, says St. Thomas, to communicate with love, than to refrain out of respect.

You will have to be a great deal more holy and serious!

Answer—Communion does not add one iota to my duties; it makes me more attentive to fulfill them, and helps me to do so. It is all to my profit. Far from suppressing one innocent pleasure, it is the abundant source of all happiness.

Children's School and Playground

Find the Answers for Next Week's Sunday School

Who is your patron saint? When does his feast occur? When did he live? In which country? How did he die? For what was he especially renowned?

Must Catholics believe that the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours?

About how many people are there in the world? On what continent do most of them live?

Which country has the largest population in the world? Are its people Christians?

LONGINUS.

When our Divine Lord expired upon the cross for the salvation of men, one of the Roman soldiers who stood around, wishing to be satisfied that the Redeemer was indeed dead, pierced His sacred side with a lance. The gospel does not record the name of this soldier, but, according to tradition, he was called Longinus. It is said that he was afflicted with shortsightedness, almost to the verge of blindness, but after his cruel lance thrust some drops of the precious blood which gushed from the sacred wound sprinkled his brow and flowed down upon his eyelids. Immediately his sight became clear and strong, and at the same time, by this holy baptism, his soul was transformed and he recognized in the Divine Victim of Calvary Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Having been commanded to guard the tomb of the Savior after His burial, he was one of the witnesses of the resurrection, and related it to the chief priests and doctors of the law. Vainly they tried to bribe him to give false testimony, as they had done to his companions. He refused with indignation, and boldly proclaimed in the city of Jerusalem the resurrection of the Lord. When the

term of his military service had expired, writes "E. de M." in The Crusaders' Almanac, Longinus quitted the army and retired to the neighborhood of Capadocia, where he published far and near the wonderful miracle it had been his privilege to witness. Twenty or thirty years passed away. Persecution assailed the infant Church, and the Governor of the province, knowing that Longinus was a Christian, sent soldiers to arrest the man of God. Near Sebaste they overtook a man who was journeying the same way.

"Is it not in this province that Longinus dwells?" they asked. "He was formerly a captain in the Roman army, but is now a follower of Christ, and devotes himself to spreading the superstitions of the Christians."

"He dwells in this country," was the reply. "What do you want with him?"

"We have orders to arrest him and conduct him to the governor, who has decided that he is to die. Can you tell us where he is to be found?"

"Certainly," responded the man. "But it is late; come with me and accept my hospitality for the present."

The soldiers willingly availed themselves of his offer and repaired to his home. Their host, according to Oriental custom, gave them a most cordial welcome. He brought water to bathe their feet, and provided them with an abundant, though frugal, repast. From time to time numbers of poor people presented themselves at the door, and the master of the house gave them, with sweet benevolence, a portion of the repast. So simple was his generosity that it seemed as if he were the father of all the poor who claimed his hospitality. His conversation, always refined and elevated yet somewhat reminiscent of military life, had for these Roman soldiers

a charm for which they could not account.

"How unfortunate," said they, "that tomorrow we are obliged to quit your hospitable roof in order to arrest that miserable agitator. Do you think he will escape us?"

"Have no fear," replied their host. "I myself will deliver him into your hands. Remain here as long as it pleases you."

The soldiers remained three days. They seemed unwilling to quit so hospitable a roof and such an entertaining companion. But the governor would not excuse any further delay. On the third day, at the close of their repast, the leader said: "Today I must ask you to conduct us to Longinus whom we came to arrest."

"I am he," replied the old man with a smile. "and I am quite ready to follow you."

The soldiers were speechless with astonishment, while Longinus continued: "But you will allow me to repair for a few minutes to a neighboring apartment?" A little later he reappeared robed in most beautiful white festival garments, according to the custom of the Orient.

"Death," said he, "will reunite me with Jesus Christ. It will be my nuptial day, my feast of feasts."

"But who is Jesus Christ?" asked the soldiers, with great earnestness. And Longinus, taking the opportunity, gladly instructed them in the truths of Christianity. They had eyes to see and ears to hear, and the seed of the gospel fell upon good ground.

"We will not arrest you," said they, "for, behold, we, too, proclaim ourselves Christians. Let us go to the governor, confess Jesus Christ, and, if necessary, die for him."

Proclaiming the praises of the crucified Redeemer, they returned to the praetorium, where all three

were beheaded, and obtained the martyr's crown.

A PRAYER.

Wrap your wings around me
Angel Guardian dear,
Whisper to me softly,
Tell me thou art near.

If among the roses,
Cruel thorns appear,
Keep thou close beside me,
Then I'll never fear.

When a danger threatens,
Wrap me closer still,
Help me if I stumble,
Bear with me until

All my troubles ended,
Safe from earth's alarms,
I shall feel around me,
God's protecting arms.
—M. Eva Quinlan, Fitchburg, Mass.

A KING IN HAZOR.

In Hazor once there ruled a king
Who cared no whit for anything
Save that he might enhance the
power.

Save that he might exalt his pride,
By girding wall, by guardian
tower,
By glade and meadow sweeping
wide.

The bloom has blown on many a
bough
Since then. Where is that monarch
arch now?

—Clinton Scollard.

WILLING TO PLEASE AGAIN.

Little James while at a neighbor's
was given a piece of bread
and butter, and politely said,
"Thank you."

"That's right, James," said the lady; "I like to hear little boys say 'Thank you.'"

"Well," rejoined James, "if you want to hear me say it again you might put some jam on it."

FOR MY SAKE.

ST. MATTHEW V, 11.

For My sake, bear thy cross, My child,
Although its burden be
A mystery of suffering
Which sore perplexes thee.
Think of the cross I deigned to
take
And bear thine meekly for My
sake.

For My sake, do thy work, My child,
Though hard it be, and stern,
In doing it thou shalt be blessed
And holy lesson learn;
And others it may happier make—
Be brave and do it for My sake.

For My sake, live thy life, My child,
Just where I've planted thee,
Bear flowers of love and fruits of
worth,
For they are dear to Me,
And they shall heal some hearts
that ache—

Live brightly, sweetly, for My
sake.
For My sake, fly from sin, My
child,
I bore for you its pains;
And e'en one little evil thought
Grieveth My Heart again;
Then every cherished fault forsake
Be pure and holy, for My sake.

For My sake, fight the "fight of
faith,"
Against thy direst foe;
And heed not what the Tempter
saith;
His subtle arts I know.
My Name shall bid his legions
quake,
And Angels guard thee, for My
sake.

For My sake, pray and wait, My child,
In patience wait and pray:
For though the answer tarry long
Twill surely come one day.
I all thy pleadings undertake—

They shall bring blessing, for My
sake.

For My sake, seek the weary ones,
And lend them to My fold;
Gather the lambs and tend the
sick
And cheer the sad and old;
Tell them the words their Savior
spoke—
And I will bless them, for My
sake.

For My sake, at My Holy Feast,
A loved disciple be;
Remember all My sorrows there,
And cast thy sins on Me;
There of My Flesh and Blood partake—
Humbly and gladly, for My sake.

For My sake,—art thou not Mine
own,
Baptized unto My Name?
Thy deepest love, and homage true
Are My most lawful claim;
This union blest I never break—
Of be thou faithful, for My sake.

For My sake, never earthly friend
Could give thee love like Mine;
Look on My Cross in darkest
hours,
And light shall become thine;

Thy confidence let nothing shake—
Crowns follow crosses, for My
sake.

Then ever trust in Me, My child,
Trust Me in life and death;
Bring all thy longing to My feet,
And when thy dying breath
Shall cease on earth, thou shalt
awake
In Paradise, for My sake.

And when My Kingdom bright
shall come,
It shall be granted thee,
With all the ransomed ones to
share

My happiness and My face to see;
Waters of life, thy thirst shall
slake—
And joy be perfect, for My sake.
—Gertrude H. K. Kaukuna, Wis.

EAGLES CLEARING AWAY PESTS.

The wild boars and foxes of Santa Rosa Island, California, are being exterminated rapidly and in a novel manner. The American eagle is doing the work. The eagles that have their habitat in the rock crevices of the island grow to immense size, the smallest mature bird measuring about four feet from tip to tip and the largest seven feet or more in sweep with wings extended. They can carry thirty or forty pounds dead weight for miles with apparent ease. The eagle swoops down upon its prey and rises to a height of fifty feet or more with the struggling animal clutched in its talons. If the pig shows too much fight, it is dropped, the fall killing the animal. Then the eagle descends and carries off the carcass to the distant aerie. Foxes also are the prey of the eagles.

WHERE OXEN WEAR TROUSERS.

The latest thing in the sartorial line in Capetown is trousers for oxen. This method of clothing beasts of burden is not due to any accession of style in South Africa, but the garments have become a necessity to protect the animals from the tsetse flies, which are a torment and often a fatal enemy. The tsetse flies swarm about sunset, traveling near the ground, and they have been known to poison entire herds of cattle. Mr. Ox receives a bath before he dons the habiliments of civilization. This bath consists of oil and resin, and is supposed to free the animals of all ticks and parasites. His "pants" are then thoroughly soaked in oil and resin, and when the swarm of flies come in conflict with the trousers legs they die by thousands.

Miscellaneous

Some World News Boiled Down.

Those responsible for the dynamiting of the "Los Angeles Times" building, were also planning, according to the Federal attorney, to blow up the expensive Government Locks in Panama.

No noise raised by the politicians was heard whilst the New York and Boston baseball teams were playing the "world-series." Newspaper editors were aware of this, and transferred the write-up from the "sporting page" to the first page, first column. Now the people might listen to the big men running for office.

According to a Government report, all previous crop records have been broken by the yield of this year.

The Balkan war is not only on, but promises to endanger the peace of all Europe.

So much is being written about the faith, deep and true which was manifest at the International Eucharistic Congress, held in Vienna, Austria. Faith was well tested by the downpour of rain, which kept up during the whole week of the Congress; 15,000 people allowed themselves to be drenched by walking in the procession, and two or three times that many more, standing in the rain, watched it reverently and in prayer.

Dishonest politics have created in Spain great depression in business; in fact, the situation is quite grave at present.

The Catholic University at

Washington, D. C., seems to be winning its way; this year students were turned away for lack of room.

Anti-Catholic agitators are becoming more noisy in Italy. The ineffectual attempt to dethrone the Church in France and Spain ought to make them think twice. It is the same Church which the devil has fought for 1,900 years, but which always comes out on top: "The gates of hell shall never prevail against it."

Let Catholic young men, imbued with the spirit of St. Paul, Francis Xavier and Isaac Jogues, enter the seminary for Foreign Missions. It has just opened its classrooms at "Maryknoll," near Ossining, N. Y.

They are only now putting the finishing touches to the great Cathedral of St. Peter, in Rome, though it is 400 years old, and building process went on pretty steadily for 135 years.

WHAT YOU OWE TO GOD, AND HOW PAY IT.

We owe so much to God, more than we could repay in a thousand years by daily repetitions of "I thank you." Our creation with all that it implies,—an immortal soul destined to live everlastingly with God in Heaven; daily protection from harm, from death; graces innumerable, cannot be sufficiently prized. Were we to sing the praises of God unintermittently, we should never have paid our debt of gratitude for the one great blessing of Redemption, through the death of Jesus. Were we to be sorry and do penance until the day of our death, we should never have half atoned for

one sin committed in violation of a Commandment of God. Were we to unite with all human beings on earth and all the angels in Heaven in a sublime worship to God, it could never honor Him as He deserves to be honored,—that majestic, great, holy and good God.

But still it is in your power to offer Almighty God adequate worship and gratitude and atonement. You "go to the Altar of God" (Ps. XLI, 4), in your parish church. There Jesus repeats every day His immolation of the last supper. And it is at your disposal to present to the Heavenly Father. Possessing a value equal to Christ's death on the cross, the holy sacrifice of the Mass will more than pay your debt of worship, gratitude and atonement; and as a prayer, its power is greater than a petition offered in unison by the millions of angels who worship before God's throne in Heaven.

THE DISCIPLE.

"How far to Calvary?
And when shall I be there
To hang my bruised body
On the heavy tree I bear?"

"Not far to Calvary
Thy pilgrimage not long
For close to holy cities
Are the hills of human wrong."

"How long on Calvary?
For God hath turned away
And what if faith should fail me
Whom all things else betray?"

"Not long on Calvary
With daylight dies the sword,
And then shalt keep in slumber
The sabbath of the Lord."

—Anna Bunston.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Knicker—In the winter I go out to play poker and my wife stays home from bridge.

Bocker—And in the summer you stay home from poker and your wife goes away for bridge.

PARENTS AND THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

That the children of our day are slipping away from the discipline of home is a fact recognizable to everyone. Indeed, there is such a loosening of home bonds between the boy and girl and the father and mother that the disintegration and destruction of home threatens the sanctuary of our life.

Now the order and government of the home reflect very well the order and government of the country. If there is disorder and anarchy in the home, there will also be disorder and anarchy in the state, for the family is but a unit of the state. At the bottom of all this disorder in the state is a lack of respect for authority and obedience to those who represent authority. The injunction of the father is virtually the injunction of the Chief Magistrate; for his authority is divine, though symbolized in the human.

Today it is pitiable to see the insubordination of children in the presence of their parents and the light manner in which they treat their commands. If discipline firm and exacting be necessary for the soldier that he may learn to do well his duty, why should it not prevail in the home where the performance of duty should reign supreme?

In a book entitled "Was Jesus a Socialist?" by Mr. Leatham, who often contributes to an avowed Socialist newspaper, the *Clarion*, published in London, the following passage occurs: "To fall back upon Christianity for aid and confirmation to Socialism is like turning to the sonnets of Shakespeare or the romances of Swinburne for confirmation of the science of mathematics. Socialism is grand enough and strong enough to stand without Christian props. It is about as reasonable to speak of Christian Socialism as it would be to speak of Christian arithmetic or Christian geometry. Personally

I feel called upon to attack Christianity as I should any other harmful delusion. I do not believe in the theology of Christ any more than I do in His sociology. It is no use pretending that Socialism will not profoundly revolutionize religion."

Belfort Bax (in "Essays on Socialism: New and Old," p. 27): "The infamous doctrine of the Atonement is based upon the notion of suffering as something good in itself." And on page 51, speaking of the gulf which he frankly acknowledges lies between the ideals of Christianity and of Socialism, which many, who have not studied the question, deny to exist, he says: "Paganism remained paganism and not Christianity, just as Christianity today, in spite of every effort, remains Christianity and not Socialism. There is an unbridgeable gulf in both cases between the two theories of life, the decaying theory and the growing theory."

CATHOLIC ACTIVITY.

Catholic organizations, like individuals, have their social duties. They are not intended merely for a selfish benefit, or a mutual benevolence restricted to the circle of their membership. They are rather to be living centers of Catholic activity, whence shall irradiate the light of truth and the warmth of charity to the farthest limits of the earth. They are to be fountain sources of Catholic literary propaganda, whence Catholic journals, books, pamphlets and leaflets are to spread like a mighty deluge into every nook and corner of our country.—*America*.

We must strive in all earnestness to fix the abode of our hearts in the Heart of the Immortal King of Ages and live only for Him. O my God, how great a consolation do I find in the assurance that my heart shall be eternally absorbed in loving the Heart of Jesus!

TELL IT TO MOTHER.

"Tell it to mother," so we were told
When we were lads, in the dear
days of old.

Then we would hearken, and
tenderly creep
Close to her side, at the soft: "Do
not weep!"

Tell it to mother!"

"Tell it to mother!" Babes still
are we,
Wayward and wild in our grief
and our glee.

Mary's our Mother, Oh, tenderly
still
Creep to her side when the world
treats you ill!

Tell it to mother!"

Addressing the crucifix, Cardinal Newman thus prays: "Better for me that Thou shouldst come thus abject and dishonorable than hadst Thou taken on Thee a body fair as Adam's when he came out of Thy hand. Thy glory sullied, Thy beauty marred, those five wounds welling out blood, those temples torn and raw, that broken Heart, crushed and livid frame, they teach me more than wert Thou Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his heart's joy. The gentle and tender expression of the countenance is no new beauty or created grace; it is but the manifestation, in a human form, of attributes which have been from everlasting. Thou canst not change, O Jesus; and as Thou art still mystery, so wast Thou always love. I cannot comprehend Thee more than I did before I saw Thee on the cross; but I have gained my lesson. As I adore Thee, oh! Lover of Souls, in Thy humiliation, so will I admire Thee and embrace Thee in Thy infinite and everlasting power."

Gertie: "I wish you to know that I don't stand for trifles."
Helen (glancing at her feet): "No, dear, I see you don't."

KINDNESS GETS A SETBACK.

Fresh from the lecture on politeness the street car conductor went on duty resolved to extend courtesy to all. From the car barns up to Ninety-ninth street he put his resolution into effect. He assisted the weak and heavy laden, he smiled serenely under unmerited abuse, and he hurried no one unduly. At Ninety-eighth street he noticed that a woman in the middle seat was preparing to leave the car at the next corner. The child beside her was too big to cause her any particular trouble in alighting, but the conductor had been pleased with the way the woman smiled upon the child, so he hurried forward to help.

The woman stepped down first and the conductor, with one sweep of his arm, set the child down beside her. His signal to go on was followed by a scream, then another and another. "Boo, boo," howled the boy, and the child, being my child back here," cried a woman in the car. Half a block farther along the car stopped.

"He isn't mine," gasped the woman, when she and the boy had caught up with the car. "I only just smiled at him."—*Selected*.

ORIGINAL AMEN CORNER.

The origin of the name "Amen corner" is interesting and throws a pleasant light on English Catholicity of the days before the apostasy of Henry VIII. Each year on the feast of Corpus Christi the faithful went in procession to St. Paul's cathedral. Mustering in Cheapside, the procession moved toward the cathedral, the clergy chanting the "Our Father" as they passed along the street still called Paternoster Row, reaching the "Amen" as they turned the corner known for years as Amen corner.—*Ace World*.

Do not stop with putting up the weeds in your nature. Plant flowers in their places.

After Dinner Story

THE SLATE-PICKER SOPRANO

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER V.

THE MASQUERADERS.

Jamie Gordon was back again. Tim Neary's side of the breaker old Tim was boss there no longer. He had been discharged, and the new foreman was a great errand than even Tim in his best moments had been.

The present chapter finds Jamie stumbling in low tones. "Is me fingers sore? Great balls. American snow, can't you see they are? Sore! and them as red as raw as a beefsteak."

These words were uttered comically by Jamie Gordon to Bert Straw, his "buddy."

"Well, then," said Bert, "why can't you get a job in dry coal, or not in this wet stuff, since sulphur water eats your gers so?"

"Yes, out of the pan into the dust, the dust chokes you in dry coal. Better to have sore fingers on the water, and let your eyes throat have peace. Why, the flows in dry coal are hawking spitting all day long, and the holes in a blanket. When more used to picking slate in coal, me fingers will be just hard and solid as your'n. But, see! they are sore."

And Jamie held up two little fingers, every finger of which had been worn in it, with tiny streams of blood that oozed out and fell the coal.

Bert Straw and Jamie Gordon were fast friends, had been for years. They had gone to school together, worked together in the coal breaker outside of Montmery, ran around together at night, played tricks together on everybody, and even on each other when caught in any mischief, always shared the blame, each taking half. And neither was yet 12 years old.

"I can't wait till tonight," said Bert, "such fun as we'll have here! I'm going to dress up in a coop, and clog-dance. You fix up like a girl, and sing; one kin beat you at that. Why, in your curly hair and little coat of a face, you only need a wig to make you a girl."

"Say," faltered Jamie very shyly. "I have me doubts about going out tonight."

"What's up?" cried Bert anxiously. "If you don't come, what will I have? You're the life of the crowd, and we'll hardly be five cents, if you ain't with to sing. But why don't you come?"

"Well, er, you see, er, you understand that you won't understand a word I do tell you. Hollywee the night before the feast of All Saints, and is a fast day for us Catholics. Youse Protestants got no fasts."

"Well, anyhow," said Bert, "taking out his under lip, 'we go to the feast of All Saints, and, anyhow, I think that I'd sooner least any day than a fast. That's the use of a fast?'"

"Such talk! Why, you would think if they was a feast every day—that is, in the eating line. All these fasts of us Catholics for the dead, while eating feasts for the living."

The coal now poured so rapidly into the chute that the boys enjoyed no further conversation. The cold, stern eye of the boss was on them, and they worked away like beavers.

When the dinner whistle blew, and the boys made a mad rush for the open air, Bert Straw and Jamie Gordon were the first to leap down the steps into the sunshine.

Today Bert and Jamie did not join in the game of "tag" with the other boys. Bert was using all his logic to convince Jamie that masquerading on Hallowe'en was just the thing. The flesh and Bert fought together against Jamie, and what could he do but surrender?

Never was there a brighter Hallowe'en night. The silver stars were twinkling wickedly at one another, as if they knew all about the fun the boys were going to have.

Bert Straw and a crowd of his fellow slate-pickers were waiting impatiently near Gordon's old house. All at once the front door opened stealthily and a slight girlish figure crept out. She wore a ruffled skirt and a pair of high-heeled summer slippers. With her finger on her lip to impose silence, she gathered up her skirt, and ran down the frozen road, the boys following pell-mell.

"Gee whiz, but your make-up is great," said the delighted Bert. "Where did you get on to the duds Jamie?"

"Me mother's. Aunt Nell sent her these slippers and she had 'em put away. Gosh! there I near twisted me ankle with them blooming high heels."

Then the company of bedecked youths sallied into a candy store. The leading lady of the troupe sang a popular song with great effect, and then did some skirt-dancing, very clever dancing indeed. Bert did the collecting and reaped quite a harvest of good candies.

"Sing something Irish," he whispered to Jamie. "Can't you see she's from the good old land, and maybe she ain't generous?"

With a sweet smile, the bewitching soubrette broke into the notes of "Come Back to Erin." The shopkeeper leaned her elbows on the counter and listened with her very soul in her eyes. Soon two large tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks, and were readily followed by others. When the last golden notes died away, "And it's Killarney will ring with our mirth," she thrust her hand into the money drawer, and drew out a fatful of pennies, which she threw into Jamie's lap.

"Little girl, God bless your thrush's throat," said she. "You've brought up memories wid your voice, such memories."

Out into the starry night went the jubilant crowd. They swooped down upon stores like chattering birds. At last they had accumulated a good store of eatables in a large bag and besides a number of pennies. Then Teddie Dormer started up a quarrel; he wanted the lion's share of everything, and he had not furnished one iota of the evening's entertainment. The quarrel became a fight, and blows were freely given.

The leading lady was by no means the poorest fighter in the troupe. In the scuffle she got her dainty hands on the bag of candy, and clutching it, she broke away, and dashed off like a doe.

"Come Bert," she called in her clear soprano. "I've got the good things; let them lugs and grabbals keep the money; we'll have the eating."

Bert upset his antagonist into a ditch, and followed his chum, who was letting forty silvery shrieks of derision. But the money did not satisfy the remainder of the company. One and all were hot in the pursuit of Bert and Jamie.

The moon and stars laughed merrily at the winged-heeled masqueraders. Down an alley, up a street, over tomato cans, through gutters raced the crowd, led on by a high-stepping damsel. She was far in advance of the boys; the only one near her being Bert.

Suddenly she disappeared. All the boys stopped abruptly, and peered ahead. The moon had got behind a cloud, and the stars were trying to look sober. No, not a trace of the fluttering, much-ruffled skirt was in sight.

Then an awful creature rose out of the very earth; a creature with a featureless face, and arms held out stupidly like a scarecrow's. The boys were aghast; all except Bert Straw, who ran close to the apparition. Seeing that he met with no calamity, the others boys drew closer to the creature.

"Oh, I'm demoralized," they heard a sad voice wail. "The heel is gone from one slipper and the tip from the other. The people of this town should all be put into the body of the jail," went on the voice, with rising anger and indignation. "Such bootjacks of men! To leave a deep ditch half full of water standing wide open for any decent body to fall into! Yes, you kin split laughing, Teddie Dormer, you mean cow you! If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be like I am—wet to the bone, blinded and thick with yellow mud, the end of me nose scraped away, and lucky if I ain't got twenty ribs broke. Oh, the sad voice broke, "me mother will kill me."

Teddie Dormer, with badly muffled shrieks of laughter, looked down into the ditch, where a large hole had been broken in the thin sheet of ice. He saw something all wet and bedraggled in the mud. It was the much-coveted bag of candy.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE WRONG ROAD.

Two days had elapsed since the eventful Hallowe'en. Bert Straw was at home. He had tried to chew tobacco, and got sick. Jack Miller was sent to pick slate in the same table with Jamie Gordon. They had been holding conversation every time the boss turned his eyes from them. He had caught them in the act several times, and let out a deafening roar, or threw a handful of small coals at them. Yet here and now, they were slyly chatting again.

"Tired of work, Jack?" "Well, I guess," sighed Jamie, looking ruefully at the cut on the top of his finger. "Who wouldn't be tired of slate picking? It's a back-breaker, and when pay day comes, there ain't no danger of your pay bag tearing a hole through your pocket. And I jist hate that old boss of ours. Gosh! yesterday he give me a crack on the head with his dusty old hat, and I seen a million stars. That hat of his is harder than a board, and as dusty as if it laid in coal since it was made. Sure, me eyes were blinking for an hour after he hit me."

Jack Miller was watching his companion sharply. Jack was older than Jamie, and not so innocent-looking.

"How would it be for us two to run home, Jamie?" "It wouldn't do at all for me; I don't know about you, though. If I run home me brother Tom will whack spots out of me."

"I'd like to see my brother, if I had one, beat me," said Jack, scornfully. "Why, I wouldn't let even me dad do that."

"Now, what would you do if your dad did whip you?" asked Jamie.

"What could I do? Why, I'd run away from him, and go on the bum."

"On the bum?" exclaimed Jamie frightened, but delighted. He loved a bold boy.

"Yes, I'd go on the bum," Jack continued, "and travel about. I'd see something of the world, I tell you."

He leered at the younger boy. Jamie's face was brighter. A flash of triumph came into Jack's eyes. He said no more just then; he felt that he had said enough. As Jamie threw out the slate, and pushed down the stream of coal, his thoughts were busier even than his busy fingers. There is always some fascination for a breaker boy about a bum.

At the dinner hour Jack was careful to sit near Jamie as they ate their lunch. He had purposely decoyed Jamie away from the other boys.

"Ain't this weather fine?" said Jack. "Not too hot, nor too cold. Whew, I kin almost feel myself on a coal train, and off on the bum. No slate to sock out, no nose to be filled with dust, no eyes to get coals in, no old boss to roar at you till your brains crack. Nothing to bother about—sleep when you like, get up when you like, and do what you like."

Jamie's eyes were flashing. Jack stood up dramatically and threw out his arms.

"No more Alaska breaker for me. Any one that wants kin play the lug and go into that black breaker to pick out slate, with a boss behind, ready to let drive a handful of dust or any old thing at him. But my butt ain't no lug; are you, Jamie?"

"Well, I guess nit, Jack. Here's the glad hand. I'm with you in whatever you do."

The whistle blew. Jamie started to his feet, and grabbed his dinner can.

"Come along, Jack?" "What do you mean? Didn't I say no more breaker for me? Go if you like, and back out of what you've jist said, but as for your butt, Jack Miller, he's going for an afternoon off."

Jack took up his can and bottle, and started off through the bushes, without a glance behind. He had not gone a rod when Jamie was after him.

"Here goes," he said, giving Jack his hand.

"You're good stuff," returned Jack, with a grin. "We won't go home," he continued, "till quitting time. We'll stay in the bush and loaf. When we hear the whistle, we'll skip home. There ain't no work tomorrow, so we kin start off together then."

The weather, for the month of November, was remarkably fine, and though the ground was damp, the boys made cushions of their smocks to sit upon. They found some old planks and worn out canvas then, and soon had fashioned couches for themselves.

It certainly was more pleasant to lie among the bushes, and bathe in the bright sunshine than to sit on hard board seats, amid the clouds of dust at the breaker. Much more pleasant to loiter at one's ease, and look through half-shut eyes at the fair white clouds sailing in the blue ocean of the sky; much more pleasant than to mingle one's hands with the sharp, rough coal, and breathe into one's nostrils and throat the dust. Much more pleasant to inhale the slight sweet scents of the dead and dying shrubs, and revel in the soft breezes, than to pant and thirst and long for a breath of fresh air amid the roar and rush of the dingy old breaker.

Jamie's conscience troubled him that night when he examined it. A moment of grace came. He stole to his mother; he would tell her all. But she good woman

was busy setting bread for the next morning, and singing in a loud tone, the words of an ancient song. He paused, and she told him to go to bed. He went slowly up the stairs, wavered in his mind then got into bed. The moment of grace flew away like a beautiful bird.

All the next morning Jamie worked about the house, doing chores. His mother gave him the afternoon off. He found Jack Miller waiting for him outside, not far from the house.

"Away with us now to Alaska," said Jack. "We'll say ta-ta to Mr. Carmel. We kin ketch it freight at Alaska, and we can pass be the old breaker, and never return to it no more."

With glowing remarks and pictures of their future did Jack Miller beguile the time, as they walked along the railroad ties to Alaska.

A freight train had just stopped for orders when they got there.

(To be continued.)

TOOK SLOT MACHINE AT ITS WORD.

A Kansas City woman recently took her two small daughters to make their first visit to her husband's people, living in a small Kansas town. Naturally she was anxious to make as favorable an impression as possible. So the two little people, on going on an errand to the depot, were cautioned to be on their very best behavior. To the mother's surprise, they returned vigorously chewing gum. As they had no money, she asked them where they got it.

"Oh," exclaimed the older one, "it said on the slot machine, 'Ask the agent for pennies,' so we did."

Courteous speech and manner come naturally to the child surrounded with good influences. Consideration in the home can be made a matter of love instead of politeness, and the child who is taught to be considerate to brothers and sisters at home will not fail outside.

Think for a moment of the most charming persons you know. Are they not natural in their manner and considerate of others, rather than conventional to a marked degree?

And would you not have your children resemble them, with NATURAL good manners?

DIDN'T LIKE IT.

She had great trouble with a Chinese cook, who could only be awakened by loud knocking and much calling at his door every morning. Finally she purchased an alarm clock, and setting it at the proper hour, presented it to Sam, the cook, who received the gift with a profound obeisance, and a little speech upon the generosity of Americans. The next morning, at the breakfast table, Sam appeared, and with solemn dignity returned the clock to his mistress, saying: "Me no like; him wake me up!"—Sallie Bader, West Virginia.

ALLIGATOR SKINS IN DEMAND.

The alligator-skin business of the world is controlled by a firm in Newark, N. J., which buys 80 to 90 per cent of the American production. It is significant that the sudden supply of 30,000 alligator skins per year from Columbia finds such a ready market in the United States that they have invariably been purchased upon arrival at New York, on presentation of the shipping documents, even before unloading the cargo.

Over in Ireland the Catholics have waged such vigorous war against yellow-journals and other unfit publications that they have practically been driven from the country.

Not education, but character, is a man's greatest need and man's greatest safeguard. Whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage.

Bureau of Information

Send all Questions for this Department to Box 587, Huntington, Indiana.

Is self-love always a sin?
The right kind of self-love is commanded. Even Christian charity should begin at home. But such 'self-love' is wrong which places ease, comfort, pleasures, before duty, and the welfare of our souls.

What are the prayers the priest says in the Confessional? Will you kindly translate them?

May the Almighty God have mercy on you, forgive you your sins, and bring you to everlasting life. Amen.

May the Almighty and merciful God grant you pardon, absolution and remission of your sins. Amen.

May the Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee, and I, by His authority, absolve thee, from every bond of excommunication and interdict, as far as I am able and thou art in need. Moreover, I absolve thee from thy sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

May the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, and of all the Saints, whatever of good thou mightest have done and of evil withstood, conduce to the remission of thy sins, the increase of grace and the reward of eternal life. Amen.

Are imperfections sins?
They might be numbered among the lesser venial sins. They are small breaches of God's or the Church's laws frequently committed without much deliberation.

Is St. Francis de Sales referred to when we speak of the Third Order of St. Francis?

No, St. Francis of Assisi.

Are divorced Catholics allowed to marry? If not, and they do so, are they excommunicated?

No one, Catholic or Protestant, is allowed to contract a second marriage after divorce, if the first marriage was a valid one and both parties are still living. This is not a regulation of the Church, but of God Almighty Himself. Hence, even if the law of the land should permit a new marriage, before God the same is "adultery." (Cf. Mark x, 11, 12; Luke xvi, 18; 1 Cor. vii, 10, 11; Rom. vii, 2, 3.)

If your first partner was not a Catholic, and you were not married by a priest, you might be allowed to marry now. Call to see your pastor, who will tell you on what conditions.

Will you kindly through your Bureau of Information, help settle an argument? If the colored race existed before the flood and if everything was destroyed except Noah and wife and his three sons and their wives, where did the colored race originate after the flood? As there has been quite a dispute between two non-Catholic friends and a Catholic friend—a reader of your paper—I hope you will kindly oblige me by an answer in your paper as soon as you can.

The "colored race" had no existence before "The Flood." And after the Deluge the Negro was not, nor is he now of a different species from the rest of us. The several races are descended from the same species. Color of skin might range from the pale white of the Swede to the brown Indian, yellow Chinaman or black Negro, and is to be accounted for principally by the pigment, the coloring matter contained in the cells of the skin. This coloration depends largely on locality, climate,

air, water and habits. In Guinea even birds and dogs are all black; at the poles animals are all white, except when housed. Breeders of animals and birds can change colors according to their liking which is a sign that color is accidental. The Negro has other characteristics besides color, by which he differs from the white man, but so have animals of the same species.

Why does the priest bow his head when the words "Veneremur tibi" in the hymn "Tantum Ergo" are sung?

"Tantum Ergo Sacramentum veneremur" means: "Let us therefore venerate a sacrament so great," and the priest suits an action to the words.

Can the most grievous sins against the sixth commandment be forgiven?

Yes, if properly repented of. The truest kind of repentance after confession will consist in reparation, i. e., in an effort not only to avoid such sins in future, but to practice the opposite virtues.

Why is it that so very few people make the Sign of the Cross right?

Let each of our readers answer this question for himself. There is no excuse why the Sign of the Cross should not be made correctly and reverently—it is so simple and contains so much.

If your confessor tells you that you have a religious vocation, should you follow his advice, although you are in doubt?

Ordinarily speaking, the confessor should be a good judge. Some young ladies stay back because of a feeling that it would be an awful thing if they changed their minds after entering the novitiate. There would be nothing dishonorable in returning, though the probability is that their desire to serve God in religion would increase with each week spent in the convent. One does not have to be too sure that one is called to religion before giving it a trial.

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1912.



Fort Wayne, Ind., March 29th, '12.

Dear Rev. Father:

Your work of bringing home to our people the better knowledge of the teachings of the Church, and of informing non-Catholics of the claims of Holy Mother Church, is a truly apostolic work, worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To furnish a weekly paper, for an annual subscription of 50c, appears to me to be more than remarkable. Of course this could not be done unless the edition, each issue, would be at least 50,000. I hope you will be able to secure that number of subscriptions from the pastors of the parishes. It would be a pity if a proposition of this kind failed of accomplishment.

Wishing you God's abundant blessing on your work, I remain,

Devotedly yours in Domino,

H. J. ALERDING, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind.

HOW BIGOTRY DOES BLIND!

About a month ago at a meeting of the "Guardians of Liberty" held in a Protestant church in New York City, Mr. Haines (ex-Congressman) made a bitter attack on the Catholic Church. In the audience was a Mr. Applegate, who though a member of the church, in which the meeting was held, arose to resent the unwarranted libels of Mr. Haines. The New York Times, referring to the incident, stated: "There is no longer any doubt as to the attitude of the organization known as the Guardians of Liberty in so far as the Roman Catholic Church is concerned."

The next day the following communication was sent to The Times by a Master Guardian of a New York Court:

At a noonday meeting in the John Street church, Mr. Haines did not criticize the individual or the religion or any faith. In so far as any church limits itself to what is properly the sphere and work of the church, attending to the spiritual wants of men, the Guardians of Liberty Society does in no wise concern itself with that church. But if any church, even though it be done under the cloak of religion, enters upon the sphere of the state, the civic sphere, and proclaims principles antagonistic to those which constitute the foundation of our Government and liberties, we, as loyal American patriots, shall feel it our duty to oppose such church with reference to such civic activity and without any regard to its claim of being a church and to its complaint that we are attacking its religion.

The hierarchy at Rome has unwarrantedly, unfairly, and unjustly assailed an organization created solely to guard the liberties of the American people that they believe have been interfered with. If it is wrong to unite to protect our public educational system and to combat every effort made to unite church and state in this country, then the Guardians of Liberty are to be criticised, but not otherwise. We demand that no religious organization be given preferential rights, but that all citizens should be given equal privilege, with favor to none. We protest against the attempt to enforce the Papal decrees in this country known as the Ne Temere and Motu Proprio, or other pronouncements that would place the church above the state in this Republic. Mixing religion and politics will not receive favor in America. Kindly favor us by printing this statement, and oblige.

JOHN MILTON.

New York, Sept. 11, 1912.

The founder of the "Guardians" must have had a dream similar to that of Schrank, Roosevelt's would-be assassin. Roosevelt did not shoot McKinley, neither did the Pope mean by the "Ne Temere" what the "Guardians" imagine. It has nothing to do with the marriage of Protestants. Catholics want no union of Church and State here; hope that it will never come to that. Catholics are far from enjoying preferential rights: They are taxed doubly for education, and the number of important offices they hold is small when we take into account the proportion they bear to the whole country. And as regards the mixture of Religion and Politics, the "Guardians" are again mistaken about the man. A Catholic pulpit never sheltered a political speaker as so many non-Catholic pulpits do. Your dream isn't true, Guardians,—don't shoot.

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Miraculous Appearance of Jesus Christ in Blessed Sacrament Arouses Whole Country

(Continued from Page One.)

bond of faithfulness with their God. Then I asked the parish priest to give the blessing with the Blessed Sacrament. At the same moment the apparition disappeared. Trembling and weeping he did it, but, wishing to put the Sacred Host into the Ciborium, his hand shook so much that he could not take the Sacred Host out of the monstrance.

Then it was seen that the Sacred Host rose by itself slowly and descended into the ciborium. The parish priest having closed it and replaced it in the tabernacle, went into the sacristy filled with awe and amazement.

The people would not leave the church; they did so only after my formal command. But the altar attracted them, so much that they went out keeping their faces turned to it.

Late in the evening the bells were rung as on the preceding night, to admonish those living in enmity soon to make peace with their neighbors and, behold, all the people of the town of Manzaneda went in a body to San Martin asked to see the parish priest, and, falling on their knees, they implored pardon for the offenses given to him, and asked him at the same time to come back and live again in their town.

The next morning at the usual hour, I went to say Holy Mass, but I had the greatest difficulty in approaching the altar, the children having crowded around it.

A youth of 19 stood crying bitterly, he had the day before, as well as the others, seen the Divine Child; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, he had not succeeded in seeing its lovely face. All the parishioners without a single exception came to confession and took part in the general Communion on the closing day. Even many from outside were anxious to receive Holy Communion at the miraculous altar of San Martin.

On the last day I had a solemn Te Deum sung in thanksgiving for the conversion of the parish. At the moment I intoned the Te Deum before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, suddenly the Child Jesus appeared again in the Sacred Host—as eight days before—under the appearance of a little boy of six years.

The only difference was this: He no longer had the marks of the wounds in His hands and feet, nor the purple flowers in His garment. His look indicated joy. When the last verse of the Te Deum was sung the apparition ceased.

In perpetual remembrance of this marvellous event the Child Jesus was represented on the Mission Cross, in the same position He had shown Himself on the altar.

The Bishop of Astorga sent the Archbishop, Don Antonio Fato, and the Episcopal Notary, Thomas de Barrio, to Manzaneda to examine witnesses on oath; and there remained not the slightest doubt about the reality of the apparition and its circumstances.

The evidence given by a little girl, Eudoxia Vegas, deserves to be mentioned.

Protestant Witnesses In Behalf of the Nuns

(Continued from Page One.)

college, of our soldiers in government homes, etc.? What objection could be made to their vows in religion, which would not apply equally as well to the mutual vows of partners entering marriage, or to the soldier taking his military oath? What objection could be made to their unselfish work of caring for the orphan, of the aged, of the sick, of "instructing others unto justice," which is the life-long occupation of 50,000 nuns in the United States?

Not only do the daughters of poor parents join the different Sisterhoods, but every community contains members who voluntarily relinquished their claim to a fortune or who sacrificed a fortune which was already in their hands. And what might surprise the reader is that the strictest sisterhoods (for instance that of the Poor Clares), are embraced by ladies of the highest rank and position in society.

In them the religious are banded together to "spend themselves for the salvation of souls" by prayer. Oh, how sorely the world needs prayer! The contemplative orders have been likened to lightning rods; by their prayers, mortifications and penances for others, their members keep God from striking the guilty. This is scriptural; see how God was willing to spare a wicked city if only ten just men could be found therein.

But is it not unnatural for a child to give up her love for her parents? She does not give up her love for her parents any more than a girl who leaves her home by marriage; and she is never a cause of worry or grief to her parents like many daughters who marry unhappily.

There is only one instance where girls are in convent schools (not in the convent) against their will: it is

tioned. She had cried out in the church: "I see the little child." To make the inquiry the two named above went with the parish priest to the house of the child's parents.

Don Antonio Fato asked: "Tell me, Eudoxia, what did you see that evening?"

The little one answered, "I saw a child on the altar."

"How did the child look?" and, pointing to her little brother, he added: "Was the child as ugly as he?"

"My brother," she replied, "is not ugly, but the child I have seen was very much more beautiful."

And then Eudoxia, only six years old, began to extol the beauty of the Divine Child in the sublime words used by the Spouse of the Cantic to describe the beauty of the Bridegroom.

Suddenly the Notary interrupted her, asking: "Tell me now, whom do you think that little boy was?"

Eudoxia answered with great firmness: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true man."

"But," he continued, "You have seen the Child in that little glass case?"

"Yes, sir."

"But how is it possible that such a big child as your little brother can be therein?"

"That I do not understand," replied Eudoxia, "but neither can you, gentlemen."

Now the two doctors of theology began to question her about the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to see if she would not betray herself into some heresy. But on the contrary, they found that the little girl, who had not yet gone to school or to catechism, had since the moment the apparition received a supernaturally infused science about the Holy Eucharist.

A last trial Eudoxia had still to stand. Her parents were poor people. The Archbishop took his purse, produced ten pesos (about seven dollars and fifty cents), and asked: "Eudoxia, have you ever seen so much money together?"

"No, sir."

"Now, that will all be yours if you declare that you saw nothing if you say that all that is told about the apparition of that little child is untrue."

But Eudoxia answered: "I do not sell the truth for money. Keep that money to yourself, for I shall not tell a lie against the truth of God."

The Archbishop, Antonio Fato, who began his task with the greatest prejudice, after hearing all the witnesses, was soon weeping hearing the children speak about the wonders of God in so sublime a manner.

The men of Manzaneda started at once a Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, to adore in turns, day and night, Jesus hidden in the Tabernacle.

To the Bishop of Astorga the great proof of the reality of the apparition was that the entire parish, formerly animated with hatred against religion and priests, was suddenly changed into a pious people, full of enthusiasm for the Catholic Faith.—Church Progress.

Protestants have to say concerning Catholic nuns:

MRS. A. J. SAMPSON.

(Wife of U. S. Minister to Ecuador.)
Writing in a Protestant paper, the Northwestern Christian Advocate, of a visit to the leper hospital at Quito in Ecuador, Mrs. Sampson says:

"Among these different classes of unfortunates are twelve resident Sisters of Charity who are here, there and everywhere. Clothed in white, with kind, placid faces, they minister to the suffering and speak cheerful words to each. The Mother Superior, who told me she had been in charge twelve years, had a face only in a thousand, strong and resolute with a light upon it that spoke for the Spirit within. We asked her how she could endure to spend her life among such scenes. We were about leaving, and, without a word, she took my hand in hers and led me to a tiny chapel hung in white. The altar was strewn with flowers; on one side hung a picture of Our Mother of Sorrows, and near it hung one of the Good Shepherd, to which she pointed and our question was answered. We stood by her side a moment, looking into the face of the Good Shepherd, and the contrast with all we had seen and felt during the two hours before, was such that a hush fell upon us and, in thought, we were transported beyond the clouds. A moment later the great doors banged behind us, we passed into the fresh air and sunshine in silence and with thankful hearts for the blessings which crowned our own lives, which each felt that within was the greatest aggregation of misery we had ever seen, which was, relieved only by the self-denial and patient endurance of a handful of women who had consecrated their lives to a willing service for others and who never turn back, but go calmly on in their chosen work until from age or weakness they are forced to give it into other hands."

SACRAMENTO (Cal.) BEE.

(Eulogizing the Sisters of Mercy.)

"For fifty years they have been ministering angels in this community. For half a century they have not only planted the seeds of education in the minds of the young, but have instilled into their hearts, imbedded into their souls, those elemental principles of equity and morality, wanting which education is as a clock without hands or a ship without a rudder."

"No remuneration could possibly do justice to the debt of gratitude piled up for fifty years in favor of these Ruths gleaming for God and for mankind in the harvest of the poor and the unfortunate; these Marthas and Marys of the household of the Lord, whose tender ministrations are ever ready for the least of His creatures, because of the love they bear Him; these Virgins filling the lamps of Education and Charity, and doing His loving work in all things while patiently awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom."

"They have never sought any reward that man could tender. Beyond the petty tinsel of this world, their enraptured eyes vision the only crown they covet. Far and away above the dreams and the ambitions of this trivial globe they see shining the star of all their hopes. It is not in mortality to reward them, for that reward can come only from the immortal. It is not in the human to recompense, for the recompense that is adequate and soul-satisfying can spring from the Divine alone."

(To be Continued.)

CHURCHGOING IN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.

In an Arbroath (Scotch) paper quoted by the Catholic Herald (England) a tourist correspondent observes upon churchgoing in Catholic and Protestant countries and presents a contrast:

"I know perfectly well that I run the risk of being called hard names for what I am about to say. It is, however, a fair inference drawn from what I have seen; and 'hard words break no bones.' In Catholic countries the people exist for the Church. In Catholic countries, religion forms a part of their daily life. The churches are open daily, morning and evening. People can attend religious services when convenient, and as often as they please."

The Natural Fruits of Socialism

Mme. Langevin, wife of a Paris university professor, has taken legal action against her husband, naming Mme. Curie as co-respondent. Letters ascribed to Mme. Curie have been made public showing that her relations with Professor Langevin were such as no self-respecting wife could tolerate.

What gives this Paris domestic scandal an international interest is that the co-respondent is the same Mme. Curie who has won world-wide renown as co-discoverer with her late husband of radium, and who was awarded a Nobel prize of \$50,000 for the most distinguished contributions to science.

Yet we find this woman scientist, the companion of her husband in his scientific researches, whose whole life has been supposedly devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and of scientific truth for its own sake, involved in as vulgar and fleshly an intrigue as if she were of no distinction at all in the world of intellect and of science.

That is what gives the news so distinct and peculiar a shock to the public mind. If the woman in the case were an ordinary woman, having upon the world's high regard no special claim, or if she were a woman merely prosperous and outwardly respectable and professing no aims in life beyond the usual social pleasures and distractions, there would be regret for her fall but there would be no peculiar surprise or shock.

But she was a woman supposed to dwell remote and apart from vulgar passions and the lusts of the eye and the flesh. She was supposed to be concerned only with the things of the mind and the pursuits of the intellect.

"No special clothes are necessary. All are welcome just as they are, without one plea. No time is wasted in dressing. In church all are equal. The peasant and the prince may stand side by side, while a princess and a flower-seller, or a Magdalen, may be kneeling on the same marble flagstone. Here (in Naples) there are the chief seats in the churches. The organ and choir are in a gallery, where they cannot be seen by the congregation."

"There are no yard-wide hats, like flower pots; no parasols or fans. Everything is plain and in keeping with the worship of God."

"In Protestant countries, except perhaps, for a prayer meeting the churches are only open on Sunday, once or twice. For six days in the week religion forms no part of the daily routine. On Sunday, a clergyman says, 'our churches are like a milliner's window, or a dressmaker's showroom. Our choirs, of young ladies and gentlemen, are placed before the congregation. It is a place for display and attracting attention.'"

Whatever manner of death may take us from earth, let us make sure of God's mercy, which alone can save us in the hour of dissolution, whether foreseen or unexpected.

The sinews of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond reach of ridicule and above the high water mark of contempt.

One thing only is necessary—the commitment of the soul to God. Look that thou thyself art in order, and leave to God the task of unraveling the skein of the world and of destiny.

Bobby: "Mamma, is it the yeast that makes the bread rise so high?"

Mamma: "Yes, Bobby." "Then why don't you tell Ellen to put some of it in the plum cake?"

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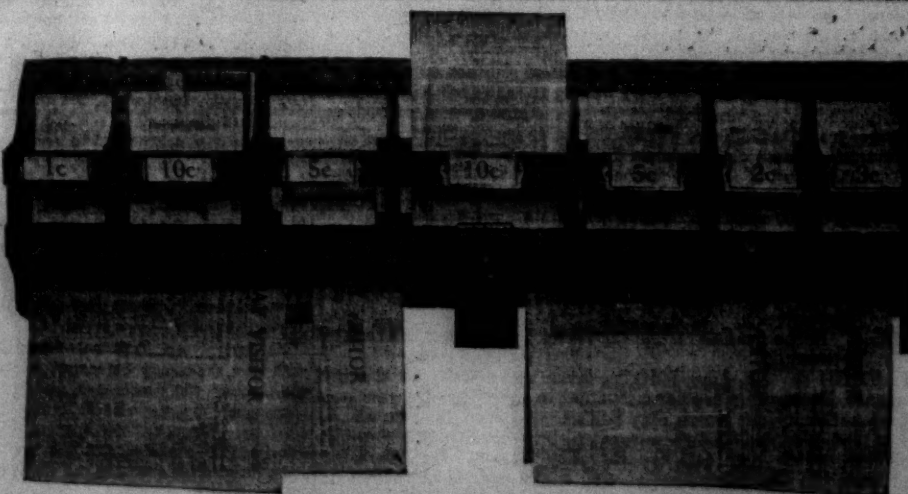
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